

one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

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one incorporated

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

founded 1952

*" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."*

Carlyle

one

magazine

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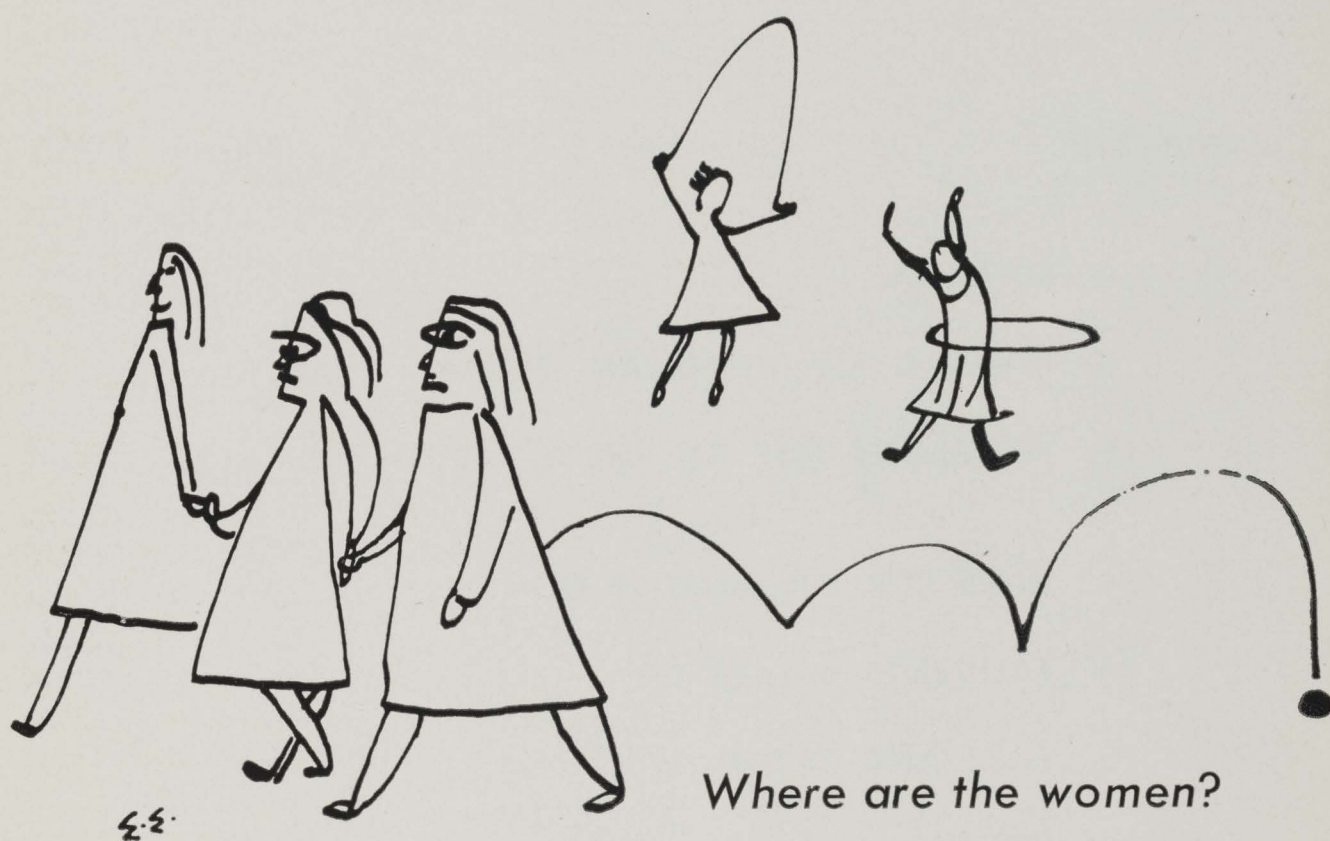
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Editorial



Where are the women?

Since 1950, homosexual men and women in various parts of the world have been gradually becoming aware of the advantages of forming groups for the purposes of winning rights and liberties for themselves which equal those of heterosexual men and women. As a result, numerous organizations have come into existence to help advance the objectives of these male and female homosexuals. Of all the organizations, however, few have seen the wisdom of arranging their programs to attract and serve both men and women.

The assumption, it appears, is that by definition extension you cannot have a homosexual organization that appeals to and works in the interests of both sexes—that female homosexuals will want to participate only in an organization concerned with lesbian interests, and that male homosexuals will support only an effort directed exclusively toward males.

We have never believed in the truth or effectiveness of this viewpoint. Both men and women appear to us to be here to stay—at least for a while. It hardly seems logical to believe that the nature of homosexuality is such that it will not allow a comfortable association between the sexes on any level if not in bed. It is difficult to believe that the problems facing lesbians and male homosexuals are so different that they are better solved by each working separately on their own behalf.

In fact, where the work of ONE is concerned, we have always liked and expected to have both men and women around. After all, homosexuality was our field, not just the male and female side of the subject. And, therefore, after years of this type of homogeneity and homosexuality at ONE, it never occurred to us that we would one day look around and ask "Where are the women?" But we ask the question now. And, of course, the fact that we ask it raises many other questions.

The first being, have we been wrong in our belief? Was it wrong that for many of our formative years a woman was the editor of ONE Magazine, and that her skill was applauded wholeheartedly by readers and staff alike? Was it wrong that a woman was art director of ONE Inc. from 1953 to 1963, and that she worked hand in hand with the men at ONE, and that she produced some of our best art—especially appreciated by our male audience? Was it wrong that a woman should have been the Chairman of the Board of ONE, and that several different women should have served many times as the heads of committees, and that from 1953 through 1960 women were present in all phases of ONE's work? Was it wrong, that is, from the standpoint of ONE's appeal to and effectiveness in the homophile movement? No, we think that it was valuable and natural and very healthy.

But if we were not wrong, why is it that ONE today is primarily a male organization? Have we lost the women to the Daughters of Bilitis and its Chapters throughout the United States—or to the Minorities Research Group of London? Is this what our lesbian friends really want—to be only with other women?

Where, we ask, are the women who think like the men in ONE? Women, that is, who believe that a rational and modern approach to the working for equal rights for all homosexuals calls for organizations that encourage participation by all homosexuals? For women to work in one camp and men in another can only tend to lessen the forcefulness of the homosexual message. We keep expecting some women to come along again who believe as we do in unifying the aims and purposes of homosexuals no matter which sex they belong to. But until we are able to attract a few more women to our point of view, ONE must remain a somewhat onesided affair.

Don Slater, Editor



ELMER

GAGE:

American

Indian

by Bob Waltrip

For unknown numbers of years the Mohave Indians have lived along the lower part of the Colorado River farming the rich bottomlands and managing to make a living from the river itself. Presently, their reservation lies along the river from Needles, California south to Yuma, Arizona. The U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs helps them in managing their lives, granting them land allotments which they can either farm or lease to the number of large produce companies that raise lettuce and melons along the river. Most of the Mohaves choose to lease out their land and attempt to live on the income this offers.

Elmer Gage is such an Indian. He lives on the Colorado River Indian Reservation along with his 83 year old aunt, whom he calls his grandmother. Both he and his aunt lease their land, and are able to live—not comfortably, perhaps—in a two-room house, secluded in a maze of brush and trees. In his small town, Elmer is almost universally known as a homosexual. The white townspeople consider him something of a village idiot. The Indian boys tease each other about sleeping with

him, yet their teasing is somehow not ridicule of him. Among the Indians he is accepted with equanimity, and their laughter is as much at themselves as at him. His fellow tribesmen treat him as if he were an unattractive woman. They often talk about making love to him (in a crowd which includes him), yet it is understood that they don't really mean it. Men being men, however, more than a few of them actually do share his bed when they're sure none of the others will catch them at it.

Elmer supplements his land-lease income by making Indian artifacts which he sells to tourists through local variety stores, and through the Tribal Council—an organization of Indians who work together for their mutual benefit. In an era when most Indian art pieces have a "made in Japan" stamp on the back, Elmer is faced with bitter competition. It takes him hours to make a beaded belt, which he must sell at a ridiculously low price in order to sell it at all. Since he works slowly and with extreme care, it would be safe to assume that he is paid not more than fifty cents an hour for his labor. The in-

justice of this is immediately apparent when one considers that Elmer is recognized as being one of the last remaining makers of genuine Mohave Indian artifacts.

Mr. Gage is a thirty-five year old man, standing about six feet tall, with a happy, well-fed air about him. Though delicate of bearing, he has prodigious physical strength—the fruit of long hours of hard farm labor. He has the evenness of temper and the quick wit that is peculiar to Mohaves.

He and a few others are Bird Dancers. Bird dancing (a charming dance with one man and three or four women which imitates the actions of birds) is a social dance that is performed for celebrations and various other gatherings. He has danced before statesmen, movie stars, and foreign dignitaries, yet his success has been relatively small. In plain, unpleasant truth, no one cares any more.

Elmer's "grandmother" is a magnificent old woman, who wears the ceremonial tattoo of the Mohaves, which has been abandoned for many years. This tattoo consists of five thin blue parallel lines running from the lower lip to the bottom of the chin. Her face is arresting in its unique beauty. Her hands move with a fascinating grace as she performs such mundane tasks as cooking and sewing. While talking, her elegant, expressive hands are continually in motion, punctuating phrases and adding a singular symmetry to her speech. Although her eyes are growing dim, she can still weave and sew, and is one of the very few Mohaves remaining who knows the reason behind many of the tribal ceremonies and stories.

The following interview was recorded the day after Christmas, 1964. We three sat around the table in the Gage home while a half-coyote puppy frisked on the floor and "Constantine and the Cross" raged across the tele-

vision screen. We ate *pinal*, which is a sort of stone-ground wheat cereal made by the Maricopa Indians—close relatives of the Mohaves.

Q: Elmer, how long have you been making art objects for sale to tourists, and what kind of things do you make?

E: Gee, I started a long time ago during school. About 1947. Selling things to the tribe. I make necklaces, bola ties (Maybe I'll make you one for Christmas), beaded belts, complete cradle boards, Mohave ceremonial dolls. Also pottery. I make ceremonial costumes, like for the Bird Dancers. My own costumes. Beaded earrings. Headdresses. All kinds of stuff.

Q: You mentioned ceremonial dolls. What exactly are they?

E: The Mohaves have a ceremony where they try to bring the dead back. They make a doll and dress him in the dead man's clothes. They have a ceremony where they dance these dolls. Of course the dolls I make for tourists are just little ones—copies. But I can also make the real ones. The life-sized ones.

Q: Where did you learn to make all these things?

Grandma: I taught him how to do these things when he was young. He was interested. Like the cradle boards for babies. You have to know they're different. For boys we have a narrow board to put them on, and for the girls it's a little more wider, like this (motioning with her hands). They always are happier when a boy baby's born. (Laughing.) I don't know why. But Elmer learned all these things—how to make things. And when something's going on he goes there and watches. That's how he learns.

Q: Can any of the other Mohaves make the things Elmer makes?

Grandma: Um-hum. Some of them could if they wanted to.

Q: Do they?

E: No. It seems like I'm the only one that's keeping these traditions alive.

Q: And after you're gone these things will just die?

E: Yes.

Q: Doesn't anybody care? Any of the Mohaves?

E: No. Young people don't take any interest in these things. They just stand around the Oasis. (A local tavern.)

Q: It seems a shame that they don't take more interest.

E: (shrugging) They're just getting modern. What can you do?

A pause here, while the television movie ended.

Q: Grandma, how did you get your tattoo, and what does it mean?

Grandma: (laughing) The Mohaves which is pronounced Hahm-ah-kah-va in Indian language say that you can't go to the happy hunting ground unless you have this tattoo. If you're not wearing one when you die they say you'll go into a kangaroo rat's hole and he'll lock you up there and you'll just stay there. There was a man in Needles, California when I was twenty-five and he wanted to tattoo me. He kept on pestering me and I finally let him, though I didn't want to. It *hurt*. That was in 1906, when I was young. I was already a baptised Episcopalian, but I thought it wouldn't hurt to make sure. (a pause) Oh, they just say that about the rat's hole and everything. They don't know. Just like heaven and hell. They don't really know.

(We ate some more pinal for awhile, and then Grandma retired, leaving Elmer and myself alone.)

Q: Does your grandmother know you're gay?

E: I don't know. She still talks about me getting married. But I tell her I have to stay with her and take care of her. I went into the service—

the Army—in 1951, and left her by herself. But she couldn't take care of herself so I had to get a discharge and come back here to take care of her. She's so old. I hate to think of when she'll die.

Q: Do you think being gay has proven a disadvantage in any way?

E: I guess so. I can't say. We all have bad things in our life. I can't say if it's a disadvantage being gay because I've been this way so long. Who knows? It's a disadvantage being a lot of things. It's a disadvantage not having money . . . a lot of things.

Q: Do you ever feel inferior because of your homosexuality?

E: All of us feel inferior for one reason or another.

Q: How do you feel about the people here. They seem to treat you rather cavalierly. How do you react to this kind of treatment?

E: You mean, how do I like being made fun of? I don't like it much. When they start to talk about me I just go along with it. I'm not crazy about it. But, for the most part, we all get along. They don't mean any harm by it.

Q: How did you learn about sex?

E: From other boys my age. Of course, it took me awhile to get it all straight in my mind. But we played around a lot and I enjoyed it. Now most of these kids are married and have children of their own.

Q: Do you regret not having children?

E: I don't know. I don't think so. They're kind of frightening, the little ones. They're always falling on their heads and everything. I probably wouldn't know how to raise a kid if I had one. I'd probably be a nervous wreck.

Q: What was the extent of your education?

E: Up to the tenth grade, then I got out.

Q: Why?

E: They said I was old enough to get out and work. I wanted to go on, but the social worker wouldn't help me. Grandma had a stroke and couldn't work in the cotton any more, so I quit school and took care of her.

Q: Tell me something about your private life, if you would. Do you have a steady lover?

E: No. I never have had. But I've been in love.

Q: With a straight guy?

E: Yes.

Q: It's pretty awful, isn't it?

E: Yes, it's pretty awful.

Q: Do you find it a hinderance to be living in a small town rather than a city?

E: Yes, as far as having fun goes. But I feel kind of obligated here. I feel like I'm kind of responsible for it in some way. It's as if I were needed here—not only by Grandma but by other people too. I would feel kind of guilty leaving it, but at the same time I want to get away and have a life of my own. I want to go to California—maybe L.A.—but I can't because of Grandma. This is her house, and her hospital is near by. So we have to stay here.

Q: Do you think you'll eventually find a steady lover and "settle down" as the saying goes?

E: Well, I'm pretty well settled down already. Only without the lover. I hope I'll find somebody. I want to find somebody. But I'm not really sure that I will. I'm not sure of anything. They say the most adventure-some hunt in the world is the hunt for a lover. I'll admit that it's taking me a damn long time to bring him to bay. But I still hope.

It's hard to find anyone here because everyone knows everyone else's business. But some of the boys run around with me. We have a good time. Oh, I don't mean like sex all

the time. I mean we have a good time like friends—singing Mohave songs and dancing Bird and stuff like that.

But it gets lonely living here with only Grandma. And I'm not getting any younger. I get depressed sometimes, thinking that life is passing me by. I wish there was something I could do to kind of break out of the rut. But I don't know what it is.

Q: Then you don't have any plans for the future?

E: I have *dreams* for the future. But it doesn't do much good to actually plan. I found that out a long time ago. I could *plan* to inherit a million dollars and marry a handsome movie star. But it wouldn't do much good, that kind of planning. The only things I plan are things like fixing the leak in the roof and making myself a new shirt. I guess everybody else is pretty much the same way.

Q: I guess they are at that. Do you consider yourself an average American?

E: Of course. There's nothing special about me. Oh, deep down inside we all think we're special, but we're not, actually. You know, most people don't know what Indians are like. They've seen so many television westerns they think we all still ride horses and run around half naked with headdresses and everything. The only time I dress in the traditional dress is for things like state fairs and lecture tours and things like that. It's all like a show. This picture of me (see inset) is just a kind of publicity picture. The Bird Dancers go on tours once in awhile, dancing for audiences, and everyone thinks all Mohaves dress in bright costumes and hop around like birds. I was at a gas station in town one day and this guy from Pennsylvania pulled in and we started talking. He asked if this was really an Indian reservation, and I

told him it was. Then he asked me if there were any wild Indians around. He didn't even know I was an Indian. I told him that all the Indians around here were tame as kittens.

Q: Do you regret it when people don't recognize you as an Indian?

E: Yes. I hate to see the Indian pass from the scene. Most Easterners mistake me for a Mexican. One time when I was on a visit to Disneyland this tourist came up to me and started talking Spanish. Now I speak English and I speak the Mohave language, but I can't understand Spanish, so I told him I wasn't a Mexican but a Mohave. He said "What's that?"

The Indian is gradually being absorbed into the white culture. Mixed marriages and things like that. Before too long there will be no more pure-blooded Indians left.

Q: I guess that's true. Well, you've told us a lot about yourself, but I'm running out of questions. Do you have any closing words for our readers?

E: God no. I don't know anything. Except that I would like to say that the American Indian is pretty much like the American anyone else. Indians dress like everyone else. They live in the same kinds of houses and work at the same jobs and drive the same kinds of cars. As for me, being gay has its disadvantages. But I don't think I would like to change. I guess I'm just on my own personal little warpath—not against whites but against heterosexuals who think everyone should be like them. I'm not always happy, but I'm always me. And they can like it or lump it. Life's too short to spend your time being something you don't want to be. Like the old saying, "To thine own self be true." I'm true to myself and my own nature. I think that's all anyone has a right to ask of me.



"Somebody else all of a sudden, Somebody new"

by K.O.NEAL

All of a sudden Jeffy was awake.

He jumped to the window. It had stopped! The rain had actually stopped!

He tore off his pajamas, got into his shirt and overalls and shoes and socks and dashed out the door and down the hall. Then the light from the kitchen blinded him; he stopped and stood there stock-still in the doorway, blinking.

Mom in her robe was on a stool by the table, stirring her coffee. Pop in his robe was on a stool by the huge black stove, watching the toast on the asbestos mats. They both looked up, first in surprise, then in amusement.

He saw the smiles on their faces and suddenly realized they were looking at him funnylike, then Pop roared out in that huge voice of his, "Well, son, off to a hard day's work on the railroad gang?"

He looked at Pop, puzzled, but he didn't have to think of an answer because Pop went off into one of his spasms of laughter, and Mom suddenly seemed to choke and set her coffee mug down and laughed till her hair, that fell clear down her back to her middle, jerked and rippled under the electric light.

He looked at them laughing, still puzzled, then he saw the smoke from the toast.

"Your toast is burning."

"Oh, oh," Pop said and snatched at it and pulled it off.

He went to the sink, primed the little pump, caught a little water in his hands and splashed it over his face, then dried himself and sat at the table.

"You want some Wheaties, Jeffy?" Mom asked. She was still smiling and drying her eyes.

"And give that son of mine," Pop shouted, "some strong black coffee afore his hard day's work!"

"Now, Jeff, don't tease the boy," Mom said with a crooked smile.

He was eating his Wheaties, when Pop came and sat down beside him. "Well, sonny, your day's agenda must be mighty strenuous."

He couldn't understand the words, and he looked at Pop, and Pop was looking at him like he was supposed to say something, so he spoke:

"Doody Davis has caught thirty-six minnows and two purple crawdaddys and two turtles, and I got thirty-five minnows and a baby crawdaddy and two turtles and a leech. And my leech squeaks when you press on him with a stick."

"It does seem," Mom said, "like it rained fish all week. Nobody knows how they can just all of a sudden appear even in the ruts in the road. Now, Jeffy, don't rush off, you should eat more, you'll probably not come home for lunch again."

"Let the man go and get an early start," Pop grinned, "maybe he'll bring us home a whale."

He got his raincoat and Pop's old rainhat from the closet. The rainhat was way too big and he had to tilt his head way back to see where he was going.

He started to leave and stopped when he saw they were smiling right at him, looking funnylike right at him. But they didn't say anything, so he opened the kitchen door and went out on the porch. He had gone through the porch and opened the porch door and screen when he remembered his boots, so he let the screen slam shut and came back and started putting on his boots when he heard them laughing, and then he heard Pop say, "Gawd in the morning, but he did look funny and different. I don't know what there was that was different about him, but he sure did look funny and different."

"He's growing up," Mom said, "he has really shot up."

"Yes," Pop said, "he's mighty big for his age, and he has really filled out all of a sudden."

Jeffy was frowning as he finished putting his boots on. They sure were funny this morning, all the time looking at him and laughing at him and making him think of himself, and now talking about him.

He soundlessly tiptoed to the door and let himself out and soundlessly eased both the door and screen shut. He was frowning and wondering about it all the way over to the railroad station, but then he crawled under the railroad station platform and brought out his fruit jars with the thirty-five minnows and baby crawdaddy and two turtles and the leech, and then he forgot all about it.

II

Jeffy was showing Doody Davis the new big minnow he had dammed up in an eddy of the ditch when out of the corner of his eye he saw The Old Rocker standing under the canopy over the town pump, just standing there, looking, with his hands on his cane propped out in front of him, doing that rocking from one foot to the other, like he always did when he wasn't walking. Jeffy knew The Old Rocker would just stand there, looking, until Jeffy was alone.

When Doody Davis finally left, Jeffy just stayed there, playing with the new big minnow, waiting.

"Ho! Ho, boy!"

"Oh. Hi." He just barely glanced up, like always.

"Ho! Fine day, boy, fine day!"

"Yep."

"Fine day, fine day!"

The Old Rocker just stood there, rocking, and Jeffy kept playing with the new big minnow.

After quite a long time, The Old Rocker took one hand down from his cane and put it in his pocket and started clinking the silver dollars, like always. Then when The Old Rocker tried to say something next, he had an awful lot of trouble, like he always did at those times. He'd try to say

something, and it would come out a real funny high squeak, or it would sound like his throat was squeezing the words to death, and he would clear his throat or cough and start all over again. And Jeffy knew when all that happened, that the vein on The Old Rocker's forehead got enormous, it stood out and pounded like it was mad and ready to break. So Jeffy looked up then, like always, because it was really something to see. And there it was, all mad and throbbing, and Jeffy watched it, fascinated, as it weaved back and forth as the old man gently rocked and clinked the silver dollars.

"Well—er, uh—humph! (cough cough, clink clink)—I mean—er—boy, you been exercising it—I mean—you know—(cough cough, clink clink)—been exercising it good, like I showed you how? Ho! Yah! You been doing that boy? (chuckle chuckle, clink clink.)"

"Oh, sometimes."

"Ho! Ho! Sometimes! Sometimes, he says! Well—er—(clink clink)—er—going now—yes—got to go home now. Boy, you might come by?"

"Oh, I might."

Suddenly, jerkily, The Old Rocker took his hand out of his pocket, made his back real stiff, turned around and, staring straight ahead, walked off in his stiff but smooth soldier walk that always seemed so funny because it didn't seem at all the proper walk of a man that always rocked when he quit walking.

III

He crawled into bed, frowning.

What had happened this day?

Everything had been different. Everybody had been different. He was different.

This morning with Pop and Mom. They had looked at him different, made him feel different. Then even a little while ago at dinner, every once in a while he could feel them looking funnylike at him, like he was somebody else all of a sudden, somebody new.

Then what had happened with The Old Rocker. That had sure been different! And while he had been putting his clothes back on, The Old Rocker had looked different at him and had smiled at him and had even chuckled different at him—and then had given him two silver dollars instead of one! And his body had felt different, and he *felt* his body differently. All the way back home he had rubbed the two silver dollars together while wondering about it all, and then he had crawled under the cob shed to his secret place and had dug up the fruit jars and had put in the two new silver dollars and had counted them all, all twenty-eight, and then he had just sat there, thinking how he was different, how he felt things differently.

"Growing up," Mom had said.

What *was* growing up?

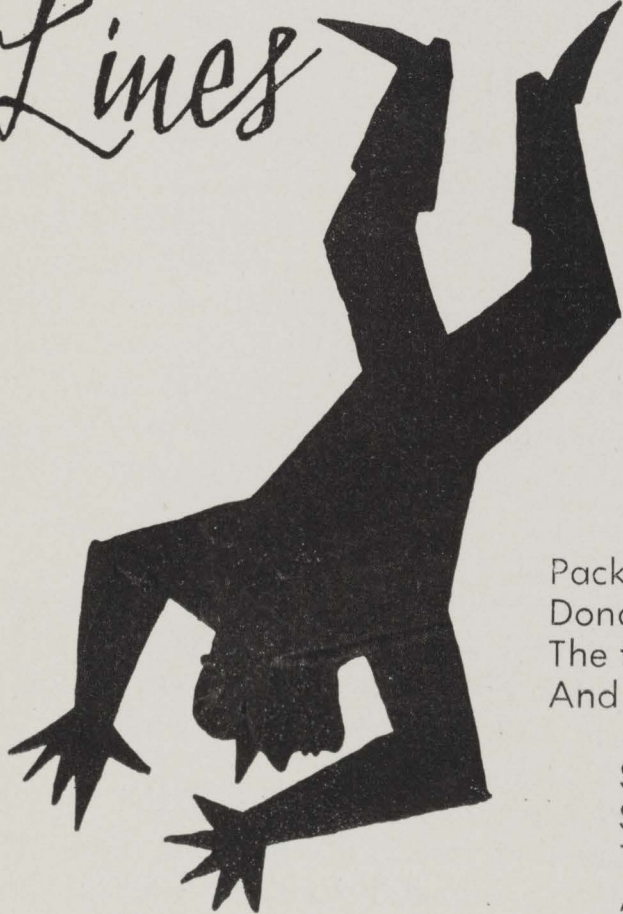
You didn't grow up day by day, it seemed. A special day like this came along, and you didn't even know it was going to be a special day, but then thinking about it afterward you knew something had happened to you. You weren't quite sure what it was, but you knew for sure something had happened to you.

This day was like that other day. This day was like that day a long time back when he had gotten to wondering real hard about his head. For no special reason he had gotten to wondering real hard why all of him

seemed to be in his head, and then he had thought, maybe that's not so, because I look down and there's my hands and my feet and my bellybutton, and *they* were all him, at least everybody seemed to think they were. And then he had thought, no, I don't feel *me* in my hands and feet and my bellybutton, he was just all in the head. And he had tried to touch it, the place in his head where all of him was, but he couldn't. Then he had gotten real scared and thought, maybe I'm sick, maybe I'm different and like I'm not supposed to be. Then he had run to Mom and pulled on her apron and said, "Mom, is all of *you* in *your* head?" And she had looked down from the stove, and he had had an awful time making her understand, because at first she thought he had something called a headache. But then he told her about his hands and his feet and his bellybutton not being the same him as his head. Then she had laughed, then looked at him funnylike, like he had gotten to be somebody else all of a sudden, somebody new. Then she had laughed again and then said, no, everybody is like that, it is called a brain, and it is in your head, and that is why you feel like all of you is in your head. Then she had laughed again and looked at him funnylike, so he had gone away. But a great peace had come over him to know he was all right, and he had sat for a long time by himself wondering about it all. He knew he had learned something, but he knew it was something you couldn't tell anybody about, so he kept it to himself and never told anybody. But from that special day on, he felt different, like he was somebody else all of a sudden, somebody new. You weren't quite sure what it was, but you knew for sure something had happened to you.

All of a sudden, Jeffy was asleep.

Lines for the almost gone...



Pack your leather jacket up,
Donate it to the Sallys:
The time has passed for straddling stools
And hanging out in alleys.

Stuff paper in your dusty boots,
Strip them of their buckles:
The time has passed for kicking balls
And stepping hard on knuckles.

Take off your belt and roll it up,
The phone will not be ringing:
And even though some cat should call,
You've no guts left for swinging.

Link by link snap all your chains
And sweep them in the gutter
That gleam that made eyes flicker once
Now doesn't cause a flutter.

Jerk off your jeans and bury them,
They only draw a snicker:
For they and you are all bleached out
By years of piss and liquor.

Then store your cycle in the barn,
Your engine's finished humming:
There's no fuel left to keep it going,
Nor fuel to keep you coming.

The races all are run at last,
And firm brown seats are sagging:
The wheels that whirled are spokeless now,
And only Time is dragging.

Where's that buddy gone that tried
One drunken night to mingle
His blood and yours in a **Liebestod?**
Was he really buried single?

And where's the pal that used to sing
A song so wild and randy?
Is he the one in the crazy house
Sucking on sugar candy?

Now say, "So long," to smoky bars,
But try, man, not to tarry:
The crowds there change so terribly fast,
And of strangers they are wary.

And lift a finger to all the gang,
Not one will bang much longer:
You fooled the fuzz and screwed the cops,
But Time's police are stronger.

So wave goodnight to all true friends —
(Have you ever really met one?):
And when Darkness arrives to snarl, "Up yours!"
May your last dream be a wet one.

Louis Sacriste

Tangents

news & views

One of the oldest (19 years) and best European publications, **Vriendschap** is no more. Instead, beginning in January, 1965 there is a new publication, **Dialoog**, which will be sold on the newsstands, the first European publication to be sold publicly. The COC, Cultuur Antspannings Centrum, publisher of both publications, has reorganized, and is now known as Nederlands Vereniging van homofielen COC (Dutch Society of Homophiles COC) and plans to open new branches, including a church center. These changes reflect a new acceptance of the homophile on the part of the Dutch people. Dutch writer Gerard Kornelis van het Reve will cooperate with the new publication. Inside news of the COC will be published in **De Schakel** monthly. (The name is same as COC's Society Club at Amsterdam's Liedse plein, near theatre.)

THE TOILET

The Toilet is a play by LeRoi Jones which is about Negro and white boys and takes place in a boys' high school lavatory. A white boy (Karolis) writes a love letter to a Negro boy (Foots) and is beaten up in the lavatory by Foots' friends. At the end, Foots holds Karolis in his arms, implying that there is homosexual, interracial love between them. The play is now on Broadway and is coming to L.A. soon.

LESBIANS IN ENGLAND ON TV

TV critics gave a mixed reception to a commercial network program on lesbians about Jan. 7 in millions of British homes. ITV (the

independent network which produced the program) said a number of phone calls, including one from a psychiatrist, indicated reaction was complimentary. One woman interviewed said she "always found it strange when people are attracted exclusively to one sex." Another said of sex with a man, "It felt perverted. It was just nothing and it was wrong." **Arena 3** reports that **Macleans** Magazine, which did an article on male homosexuals last year (see April 64 Tangents) plans to do an article on lesbians.

BLACKMAIL, FAR RIGHT STYLE

During the last national election right wing extremists circulated a fake affidavit sworn out by an L.A. cop charging Senator Thomas H. Kuchel (R. Calif.) with homosexuality. Now there are indictments out for 4 men involved: Jack Clemmons, police sergeant who resigned after refusing to testify before the grand jury; John F. Fergus, recent assistant to President Frawley of Eversharp (maker of Schick razor blades) who is an ardent backer of the John Birch Society; Francis A. Capell of New Jersey, a professional anti-communist previously convicted of bribe-taking, fined \$2,000 and given 1 year suspended sentence in a War Production Board influence-peddling case; and Norman Krause, cop-turned-tavern-owner, who told the jurors "I guess I might have been mistaken." According to police files, Krause didn't arrest Kuchel at all, but two elderly state employees.

READING MATTER

Best reading in town is "Little Orphan Annie." If you haven't been reading her attack on psychologists, mental institutions and the courts, do!

Crisis in Morality, edited by C.

W. Scudder and published by Broadman Press of Nashville, Tennessee at \$3.50 is a manual for clergymen which deals with birth control, capital punishment, homosexuality, mercy killing, etc., from a narrow Christian standpoint and without comprehension, but with compassion. It asks for a more informed, intelligent ministry in dealing with "sin."

GET ON THE COUCH FOR THIS ONE, MARY

In the 2-11-65 NY REVIEW OF BOOKS, reviewer E. H. Gombrich has a ball on the re-issuance of Freud's book on Leonardo da Vinci. Freud made much homosexual ado about a childhood memory of Leonardo's concerning a vulture coming down and flapping his tail in Leonardo's mouth, and Freud went into a long dissertation of the homosexual significance through history of the "vulture"—and one of Freud's disciples even managed to find a "vulture" painted in the robes of Leonardo's St. Anne. Years later, it was discovered that Freud in his study had used a book that was mistranslated — it had not been a vulture at all but an ordinary hawk-like bird called a kite—with no homosexual significance at all. Anti-Freudians hooted with laughter—and Freudians vociferously defended The Master—and still do to this day.

Reviewer Gombrich quotes the following Jewish joke as applying to "the situation:" The famous Rabbi of Tarnopol awes his assembled followers one Friday evening by gazing into the distance and announcing that he can see the Synagogue of Lwow burning. A few days later a traveler arrives from Lwow and is told of the miracle. He is unimpressed; there was no fire. Consternation among the Rabbi's disciples soon gives

way to the consoling thought that it is not that little detail that matters. It was the fact that their Rabbi could see as far as Lwow at all that was the great miracle.

SMUT DOESN'T PAY

A practical minded U. S. Bankruptcy Referee was severely criticized after he authorized the public sale of a million and a quarter dirty books and magazines to satisfy the claims of creditors last Jan.

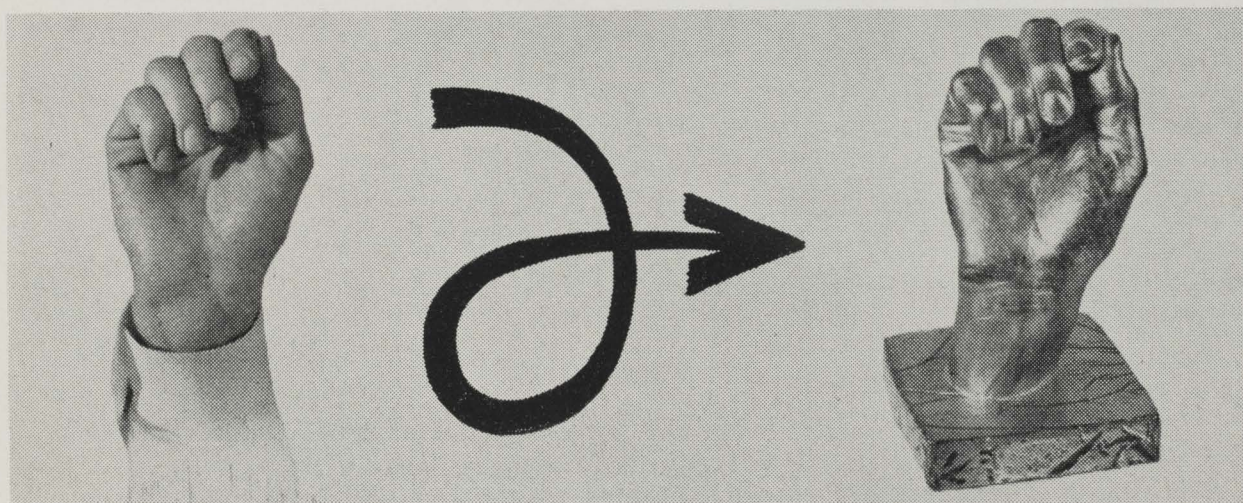
The books and magazines were among the few "assets" of two bankrupt firms, Aerocolor Inc., and its subsidiary, Trans-National Magazine Dist., Inc. according to Referee Ronald Walker. We have never heard of anyone going broke selling pornography before. At least one of the titles had figured last year in the indictment of 14 men by smut-hunter, former Dist. Atty. of L.A. County, Manly Bowler. Referee Walker, however, before ordering the sale had invited the dist. atty's office to inspect the material to see whether they believed it was obscene or not. When the dist. atty's office made no complaints, Walker ordered the sale. He said he didn't "want to be responsible for flooding the market with dirty books," but he had to be practical. This, basically, was probably the attitude of the owners of the bankrupt firms when they started the business.

A restroom in Dallas got changed from MEN to LADIES and then back to MEN again, and after the last change a note was written on the wall: "I'd rather fight than switch" . . . In an interview in the 1-23-65 Saturday Review, Hubert Selby, author of LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN, says: "Someone suggested that I have a picture of myself with my wife put on the book jacket so people would know

I was not a homosexual. I said 'God, no. Think of all the faggots who buy books' " . . . Dr. Samuel B. Hadden, psychiatrist speaking at the American Group Psychotherapy Association in Frisco, cited many "cures" of homosexuality—but admitted that most often reason for their entering treatment was because of arrest or parental pressure . . . ANOTHER COUNTRY is still upsetting the Mrs. Grundys in Chicago, where a committee on schools voted that the City Council should remove the book . . . In Hungary, a sex scandal involves a practice of awarding nude hostesses of the state-owned airline as prizes in roulette games; you've really got to give the hetero's their

due—we can't ever hope to compete with them for ingenious perversion . . . A big stink was made in La Mesa, Calif., when a school janitor trapped four fifth-grade girls and exposed himself—but nothing was said about stiffer laws against heterosexuals . . . That tongue-in-cheekish beefcake-with-Christmas-tree photo in the 12-6-64 NY TIMES MAGAZINE was another one of those superb McGregor ads . . . SOME LIKE IT HOT is being considered as a stage musical, and rumor has it that Morton da Costa has agreed to direct it . . . In Washington, D.C., they're proposing to build a separate building for homosexual prisoners at the District workhouse.

REPRODUCE YOURSELF!

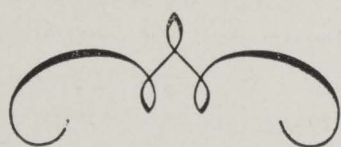


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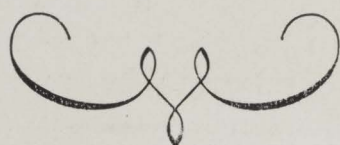
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"Silks and Satins"



by Charles Elkins

We are the transvestites.

We love to dress in women's clothing.

Some of us wear lingerie and oftentimes nylon hose under our men's attire. Some of us specialize in specific types of garments, some in a certain fabric. Many of us are heterosexual, many homosexual. Sometimes it's a form of narcissism, sometimes a sexual stimulant, sometimes a nameless drive.

Usually we keep our addictions secret, just ourselves alone in a room with a mirror. Many of us are married and only a comparatively few of us let our wives know of this deep-seated need.

Usually we'd like to think of ourselves as women, have a girl's name we use for ourselves when *en femme*. Just a small percentage of our numbers could really hope to pass as women. We'd delight in being other Cocinelles or Christines, but the truth

of our sizes and contours is erased only by the dream world we seek.

Ours is a lonely lot. The homosexuals we sometimes meet bewilder us by asking "But why the need for women's clothing?" Our psychiatrists, usually unsuccessful in freeing us of our desires because we rarely really seek this release, counsel us to maintain our secrets locked inside. The society that could forgive us sexual promiscuity or even homosexuality scorns this oftentimes greatest need we have.

Divorces are common in our ranks as our wives discover evidence of this other want and lack the understanding to accept it as an inseparable part of our beings.

When we do make contact with each other it's often just to share quarters and sometimes wardrobes, or to exchange letters and occasionally Polaroid pictures. Often we have little in common, being from highly diversified walks of life or having varying needs.

One may envision the fantasy of women compelling him to don their garments, perhaps binding and teasing or torturing or spanking him. Another may find his greatest satisfaction in shopping in charitable institutions that sell used women's clothing, acquiring the girdles and slips, panties and dresses, gowns and robes and shoes of his sisters and buying his nylons from stores. A third may harm the lot of us by stealing things off clothes lines and from stores.

We walk down the streets, ride in public transportation, seeing even the humblest of women having the privilege of wearing the things we'd love to wear and knowing that this right can never openly be ours. We wonder if the silken dress, the high-heeled shoe, the vivid scarf, could be ours for the wearing if only . . . but we know

it could only bring us to our common destiny of social rejection if our thoughts could be revealed.

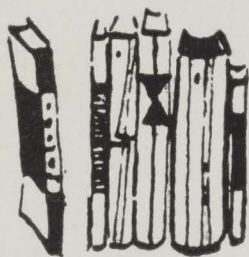
Physically we have no common denominator. I am a huge, physically powerful man in my mid-forties. I have met others who are slight and graceful. Some of us are important figures in the business, entertainment, artistic and athletic worlds. Some are common laborers performing the most physically demanding of tasks. Some are students, merchants, salesmen, bums.

Our dreams are as varied as our persons. A correspondent in the East adores taffeta gowns of the most elaborate style, enjoys being wigged and corsetted, gowned and made up in the manner of the gracious lady attending a ball. Hundreds of us would enjoy being French maids in short-skirted black satin or taffeta uniforms, bending to the will of severe mistresses. My delight is in being

dressed in satin by satin-clad accomplices, having my breasts gently stroked through the lovely, gleaming, ever-so-tactually-satisfying fabric and being thoroughly aroused. Another friend loves the feeling of nylon hose and panties. A bloomer fetishist in the southeast, a lover of purple velvet in the mid-west, a Canadian who draws pictures of obvious men in skirts, the lines broken by male equipment, a Chicagoan who adores sheer garments and jewelry—these are a few of the hundreds I've met in person or through the mails, who share my hunger and my lonely secrecy.

Occasionally we find someone who loves us enough to encourage and assist us in fulfilling our needs, a man who will portray the man to our woman, a woman who will accept us as a sister, platonic or lesbian. But usually we are alone, alone with our secret desire and our unalleviated, ever-powerful dream.

BOOKS



LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN by
Hubert Selby, Jr., Grove Press,
New York, 1964, \$5.00.

Last Exit to Brooklyn, a collection of short stories of varying length about life and death and violence and lust and squalor and ambition in a great city in one of the world's most progressive and enlightened countries, is, indeed a frightening book. It is not a book for the squeamish nor the easily shocked; at times it may re-

quire sheer determination just to keep on reading it but even more to lay it aside for long.

Most of the men in these stories are brutes or thugs or faggots; most of the women are whores or slatterns or exhausted beaten wives who might better be whores. All are struggling in some perverted way to achieve some kind of destiny. There are both pathos and meaning in their struggles, but their choice of goals—twisted and perverted—fills us with a feeling of horror which is greater than the horror induced by the violence of the action itself. For Georgette, a transvestite faggot, her great and rather touching romantic ambition is to make it with Vinnie, a neighborhood tough—but not just to make it, but to be loved and to walk hand in hand with him in the twilight; for Tralala, who thinks her enormous breasts make her irresistible to any man, suc-

cess is to make it as a whore; for Harry Black, union shop steward, happiness is to succeed as a bully and to make it as a queer; for Abraham, a flashy colored man who drives a Cadillac and has his nails manicured while his children are suffering from malnutrition, prestige is to make it as a cocksman; for Lucy, life is just to keep clean and to try to live decently. For all of them, their seeking leads only to nothingness, despair, or senseless violence, and all of them live in a world of excess where every pleasure becomes a vice and every human feeling becomes either weakness or ugly passion; ambition becomes lust, and courage becomes brutality.

Each of these stories is, in itself, well planned, and Selby displays considerable artistry both in his construction and in the selection of the details he relates with relentless precision. It is hard to know where reality leaves off and fiction begins. In fact, we may hope desperately that Selby is writing pure fiction, but we are plagued by the nagging fear that what he writes is not fiction at all.

Two of the six stories in this volume are concerned primarily with homosexuals and homosexuality, but just as all of this world which Selby describes is a world apart, so his homosexuals too are a world apart, but still we clearly recognize them as being fellow creatures. For those who think that the gay party as it has been heretofore depicted in literature is a stereotype, I suggest that "The Queen is Dead" will provide both shock and a real surprise. The longest story in the book, "Strike," is really two stories in one. One of these stories, fascinating for its revelations of machinations of a powerful union, concerns a strike against a large manufacturing company; the other story is of the awakening of a latent homosexual. Either story might have been told by itself and have been com-

plete, but as they are related here, the second grows out of the first, and so the two are artistically blended. The second story, that of Harry Black's metamorphosis, begins with his physical rape of his wife—an act which he commits regularly in revenge for her rape of his psyche—and in every detail leading to his final emergence as a cocksucker is a powerful tale which reveals an insight into man's sexuality which psychiatrists might and moralists should envy.

It is a basic rule in logic, as well as in grammar, that comparisons can be made only between comparable things. I hesitate, therefore, even to suggest a comparison between *Last Exit to Brooklyn* and John Rechy's *City of Night*. On one level, however, comparison is inevitable. *Last Exit to Brooklyn's* homosexual characters, like Rechy's, are faggots and queens, hustlers and johns, and both books deal with homosexuality as it exists on a certain level of society. There are basic differences between the two books, however, and the differences are far more important than their similarities. *City of Night*, though realistic in detail and in the impression it creates, is basically a story of romantic pathos and sentimentality. *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, though not without pathos, is pure naturalism. Even more important is the fact that whereas Rechy, and this was unfortunate, seemed to say "this is the homosexual world," Selby does not say this at all; he says "this is Brooklyn."

Mr. Selby has a magnificent perception of the sounds of speech and the flow of language. To record on paper what he actually hears, he has devised what is largely his own system of orthography and punctuation. For those of us who forget that language is first of all speech and only secondarily and artificially what we see on the printed page, this system is at times annoying and even bewildering.

Here and there are lines whose meaning completely escapes one until the lines are read aloud. For Selby, stress, pitch, juncture and intonation are often more meaningful—as indeed they are in real speech—than words themselves. He must be given credit for having attempted to capture their meaning and even more for having succeeded as well as he has in doing so. As for the words themselves—well, there can be no doubt that *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, to quote the words of another reviewer, will capture the “obscenity sweepstakes for 1964.” If your sensitivities are offended at seeing in print those four-letter words which everyone knows and for which there are no substitutes, then don’t even glance at the pages of this book. But there is nothing more intrinsic in a man than the language he uses, and to put other words in the mouths of Selby’s characters would indeed be an artistic abomination. But there is more involved in this use of words than just art. I do not know Selby’s Brooklyn, but even so I have known more than one man for whom “the fuckinest sunset you ever saw” was not an obscenity but the most powerfully expressive reaction to beauty seen and appreciated that he could muster. This is not obscenity but poverty of the mind. *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is little concerned with poverty of the body—there is no character in this book who cannot afford what he really wants; it is greatly concerned with poverty of the human spirit.

Marcel Martin

SHOW ME THE GOOD PARTS:

The Reader’s Guide to Sex in Literature by Robert George Reisner, N.Y., Citadel Press, 1964, 340 pp., \$5.95.

Made aware, in his job as librarian, that many, if not most readers of fiction in our time are really interested only in the sexy passages of books, Robert George Reisner has set out to

compile a bibliography of those parts and those parts alone.

He has dissected 800 works of fiction, from Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* and *The Decameron* to *The Carpetbaggers* and *Another Country* and has listed their erotic passages carefully under 33 general headings, from “Adultery” to “Homosexuality (Male)” to “Lesbianism” to “Voyeurism,” neglecting no interesting variation in between.

There is an informative and amusing introduction to each section. Reisner is a wit as well as a scholar and has made use of some quotations from early writers that would have bemused them, to say the least, viz.: “Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.” William Cowper, *The Task*, Book VI, as a heading for the section on “Exhibitionism.” To each section is appended a rich bibliography of non-fiction works dealing with the subject.

In addition, there is a substantial “General Interest Bibliography” of non-fiction works on sex, and there is a most useful pair of indexes, one of authors, one of titles. Naturally there are deficiencies. First, of course, one wonders why 800 books and not 1,800 or 8,000? The answer is doubtless physical: one man can read only so many books even if he selects library copies and investigates only those pages whose edges have been smudged by prurient fingers. Secondly, a book of 340 pages is convenient to handle and, covering only this much territory, printable in a type that, unlike the type in most reference works, is easy to read. Third, half a loaf is better than none.

This was a good book to do. Its frivolous usage is sufficient excuse for its existence, but it can be of serious use to scholars also. Its bibliographical apparatus is efficient. While there might be fewer listings under subject headings where only cross references

to listings of the same book under other subject headings are given, this is a hard thing to avoid in cataloguing sex scenes. Voyeurism and masturbation and a few other varieties of activity are likely to take place almost simultaneously in many such episodes, and the bibliographer must decide which act is central and work from there.

It probably would have been better had Mr. Reisner omitted the short story from consideration. Since he does make mention of "Just Boys" by James T. Farrell, why then leave out "Baby Face"? Since he mentions "The Knife of the Times" by William Carlos Williams, a fine Lesbian story, why does he omit "The Sailor's Son," an equally masterful story of homosexuality (male)?

I have only one other complaint. Since Mr. Reisner's general attitude toward the infinite variety of sexual

expression found in the books he has examined for us is good humored and grown up, I am at a loss to understand his repeated use of the derogatory word "perverted" instead of the scientific and detached "deviant." This is made more absurd by the fact that some 22 of his 33 general subject headings need one or the other word to describe them. Or do they? If deviant expressions of sex so far outnumber "normal" expressions of sex, haven't we got the Orwellian 1984 attitude already with us: War is Peace and Peace is War—Deviant is Normal and Normal is Deviant?

Ah, well. This is a good and useful book. And the fact that it is filled with laughs and has a wonderfully healthy attitude toward the side of life that interests most of us most makes it worth having done, despite its inevitable deficiencies.

James Colton

THE BOOKSERVICE lists below books presently in stock and for sale to Members.

- THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY IN MODERN SOCIETY by Dr. Hendrik Ruitenbeek. Probably the best anthology of homosexuality in print. \$4.95
- IN THE FORESTS OF HELL AND OF HEAVEN and TOWARD OTHER SHORES, vigorous poetry by Forrest Anderson. \$3.00 each or 2 for \$5.00
- GAME OF FOOLS by James Barr. Barr's only published play. Excellent story—completely absorbing reading. \$5.00
- THE ORIGINS OF THE SEXUAL IMPULSE by Colin Wilson. \$4.95
- THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION, R. E. L. Masters "The book that failed" (Donald Webster Cory) \$5.95
- MY ROYAL PAST by Cecil Beaton (who did the designs for My Fair Lady) is a camp, with drag pictures. \$5.00
- THE GRAPEVINE readable but poor reporting by Jess Stearn on lesbians. \$4.95
- THE DISINHERITED AND THE LAW excellent work by Dagobert D. Runes, on mixed-up legal codes. \$3.00
- THE CASE AGAINST COLONEL SUTTON by Bruce Cameron about young army officer falsely accused of being homosexual \$4.00

To order, send list and your name and complete address along with payment to: ONE Bookservice, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006

frankincense

three letters to c

1 ➡ Charlie O charlie o say I can see
all the silver ice skaters that glide
over my frozen eyes
seeking equations of sunset and mist
and finding only dim cigarettes and
dim cigarettes in barber shops engulfed
in the sudden filth of human hair and radios.

40075-00

Was

Down

Town

Today

and saw the people trying to look cool and embracing each other underneath the shelter of sun and Walgreen's.

I danced into the sordid library
at 2:p.m.

and slid

about the public music record stacks.

I discovered Mildred Bailey was still absent and must be in heaven alone and hot. I

Think

Jack

Kerouac

is a

Lunatic and do not worship him but

shakespeare and narcissus and emily dickinson

and baldwin and prometheus who sing my perfect purple blues

AND BURST GENITALS

on bloody sacrificial Aztec holy carvings

Sing for you too,

Raúl.

(On this your weekly birthday
i celebrate by burning frankincense
and writing famous poetry
in your honor)

The voodoo of my vaguely african soul
will not permit me to be delicate
and Christlike even for your sake)

It was on this day a sky ago that time
belched
you
forth
from
safe
wombness into terrors she could not
foresee
share with me the tears that you cry like
wild music, for i too
wail in limbo.
If i die before i finish my song burn me and use my ashes to scribe
obscenities on the forehead of Buddha.
i am too big a fake to be simple and angelic like you and
therefore i spew forth impotent odes from my yellow jungle
of bed spread.
Although i pretend to be insane i am really too wise for
My
Own
Good
and the
knowledge that i know all and cannot be God screws
me with insistent drill and curses
and mocks my bleeding wound. It is this i that
sings for you today charlie i charlie
iiii ii iii that
sings in ancient black rhythms
felicitations
sins
hungers

dingy upstairs vision of frio.

2➡

how charlie today are you
in security and museums wrapped
warm against jesus and me. i am with you
in your 3 room 1-E house i am with you
though you ignore my face blaming darkness
i am with you wishing you would kill me i am
with you even in the urgent streets of modern
babylon i am with you though i

cannot comprehend it
i am with you laughing and killing rats in happy frio
singing poetry in your ears
and
trying to make you listen.

It is warm in my room
though rude outside wind
Knocks at my window (i
may invite him in
later)

in
My yellow room surrounded by
empty shoes and horrid unfiltered cig
arettes that i smoke
for your sake
charlie

when

you

die

i
will

sing for you requiems in our common
grave-house.

3▶

There is a thick volume of Whitman
to eat when i get hungry
and plenty of James Joyce to drink
(great blue lakes of jamesjoyce)
My trousers are brown but seem black in this light.
There are terrible cobwebs
on the gold chandelier limbs
but i will remove them
when i have time.

I told jim about my mind
and he was patient as gibraltar.

Earlier tonight it was raining softly
like shy diamonds and i was moved; for the
street glistened because i love it best that way.
i looked out the window and saw the rain pieces drift
within the path of the street light
and glow and turn like fluid curtains in a wind.
afterwards the neighborhood was glazed
in wet silver. and the air was
so lovely, i smiled.

Yesterday me and jim climbed a hill
to a cross on its summit; then
lay before the altar on wooden benches
to nap in the sun.

Jim does not approve of these poems which
i have made for him but he buys me
cigarettes and feels proud of me
and laughs with me and eats with me and
climbs green oak hills and
lazy

slanting trees with me and sings
with me and makes me feel strong like he
is like new iron.
if he will forgive me my poetry then
i will forgive him for this.

Abel Jones

READERS on Writers

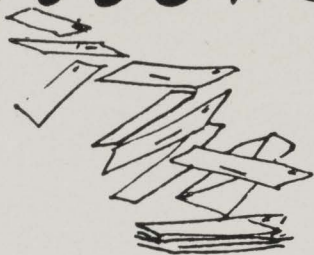
I have some further thoughts on Marcel Martin's article "The Gravest Danger," a translation from *Arcadie* with comments. I wholly agree with his position and am surprised that the French editors have so completely misunderstood the position of the ONE group. In 1962 I wrote a review of *The Homosexual Society* by Richard Hauser in which I said the following, believing that I was following the view held by that group's leaders at least. "One of the persistent problems in the sexual field to which considerable thought has been given in recent years is that of determining the extent to which there exists a homosexual society or culture distinctive in itself and capable of definition. A society and a culture are not synonymous, but they are closely related. A society is a group of persons who are integrated into a system which, beginning in the 'consciousness of kind' (Giddings), gradually develops certain characteristics that have a relative consistency and permanence, although the members of the group come and go. These common characteristics include particular ways of doing things, consensus of beliefs and sentiments, and a degree of integration which makes the society perceptible within a larger setting. A culture group is more specifically defined in what is termed 'a pattern of culture' and may include a series of categories such, for example, as language, a group of material activities covering food, shelter, clothing, transportation

and communication, tools, weapons, occupations, etc., the arts, myths and scientific knowledge, religion, family organization, property and exchange, government and laws, recreation, and war and intergroup relations. The anthropologists, such, for example, as Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead, have found these categories practically universal, although the content of each differs widely within ethnic groups. The problem of the homosexuals is then: To what extent is there an integrated society among them and a distinctive attitude or practice with reference to the cultural categories? As to the existence of a society of homosexuals, there is just now in our own times a beginning of a recognition of the 'consciousness of kind' in the formation of organizations and the development of communication through periodical literature. As revealed in many letters to ONE, it has come as almost a shock to those who have suffered loneliness and isolation that they are members of a group which is widespread and historically of long duration. To call homosexuals a society is as yet immature. The question of a distinct culture is still an open one and is occupying the thought of a number of serious minds, but the present weight of opinion seems to be on the side of the negative, finding sexual preference the only deviation from the cultural pattern of the ethnic or national group to which the individual belongs." Certainly ONE has stood for the assimilation of homosexuals to the larger citizenship group without discrimination and unfair and unjust deprivation of acceptance for occupation or other privilege open to citizens generally. There has been no effort that I have ever seen to make of them a special, privileged class or distinctive culture group. It is curious that any other impression has gone abroad.

T.M.M.

Letters

to the
editors



Friends:

My job requires me to check some of the British journals so I came across this article by Dr. Michael Schofield, "Social Aspects of Homosexuals," in the British Journal of Venereal Disease, vol. 40, No. 2, page 129, June 1964. It contains a quote from ONE of October '62. Among other things, the article says "They distrust the authorities and easily take offense. Many of them will not cooperate in tracing the source of infection and some will intentionally mislead. This is not necessarily due to a flaw in the homosexual personality, but is caused by the legal and social setting in which the homosexual finds himself."

Mr. W.
San Francisco, California

Dear ONEs:

I want to express my gratitude for your hospitality while I was in L.A. The tour of the quarters and my discussion with Mr. Legg impressed upon me the vitality of the group. Equally impressive is the sheer magnitude of the effort required to keep such a program going. Bravo!

Too frequently the basis of the appeal for a cause rests upon the personalities of the leaders. Only when a cause can develop an appeal that transcends the personalities of its organizers can it have any hope of continuity of support. This is especially true when much of the business control is necessarily amateur. I was heartened to find that ONE not only has a very broad appeal, but also is developing a momentum that will carry it.

Perhaps the most gratifying aspect of my visit was the acquaintances that I made at the "working committee" on the Friday nights. This was the first time that I have encountered gay men who seemed mature and well-adjusted to their life. Their actual existence (I had doubted it previously) is very encouraging to me.

I enclose the yellow pages from the phone book so you can write the local newsstands to get them to sell the Magazine.

Mr. W.
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Don:

I sure did enjoy Aubrey Bailey's article "As for Me" in the January '65 issue. He reflects my sentiments entirely! I am 21. My sister is three years younger than I am and already has four kids. Not only are they constantly in debt, but are lucky to eat. They spend their time sitting home with the kids.

I live at home with my parents, have my own room in the back, work when I please, and enjoy my unusual and expensive hobbies. Why should I give this up? If I got married tomorrow I'd have to give up my antiques, nickelodeons and gun collection in 6 months time.

Mr. L.
Bakersfield, California

Gentlemen:

If and when I get both my financial and heart problems straightened out, I can upgrade my Membership and get down to L.A. for some of your Lectures. My wife and daughter got over half of my after-tax income. This should be reduced next fall when my wife returns to teaching school (we are separated but not divorced yet).

If only I hadn't had those 150 sessions with a psychiatrist and if you had existed in 1950 (when I married) I might not be in this fix now. If your organization does nothing except keep those who shouldn't from getting married it will be doing very worthwhile and much needed work.

Your Tour of Europe is something I would like to go on very much.

Mr. D.
Portland, Oregon

Dear Mr Slater:

We have forwarded a complete file of **Gay** to you under separate cover. I fear we cannot be proud of our record of regularity since we have gotten national distribution. May we have permission to reprint "Greens Leaves?" I very much enjoy reading ONE and **Confidential**. I am looking forward to coming west sometime in early Spring, and we hope to visit you then.

It goes without saying that were it not for the fact of ONE's having laid the ground work for this sort of national publication, it could not exist. We are very much indebted to you.

Robert Maynard
Gay Publishing Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you for the materials you sent me in regards to your organization. I am very interested in your organization. The Magazine certainly fulfills a need. I do, however, have some questions.

Throughout your material you referred to "Friends of ONE." Exactly what is this? I would appreciate more details about it. Also mentioned was **ONE Confidential**. Is this another publication?

At the present time I am a librarian and teacher in a school for juvenile delinquents. It so happens we have the worst juvenile criminals in the state. From time to time we do get boys sent here for no reason other than that they are homosexual.

The state can send the adult who has been consorting with the juvenile to the penitentiary, but they are at a loss as to what to do with the juvenile, so they send him here into an impossible situation. Some are highly intelligent and some are barely able to function on the moron level.

There is a great deal of "pressuring" for sex here and the larger boys often force the smaller boys into homosexual acts. The "pressure boys" do not regard themselves as homosexuals, but do consider their forced partners as homosexual. It comes as quite a shock to them to find that the staff regards them as homosexual.

An oddity of this place is the use of the word "punk." I have been around quite a bit and never before heard "punk" used as a synonym for homosexual. "Punk" is a noun as "he is a punk." If someone has been "punked" it means that he has been the receptor in anal intercourse. Fellatio is of course a "blow-job" and "running-the-hand" is masturbation of someone else. The boys, both homosexual and heterosexual, masturbate quite frequently and have no qualms about anyone witnessing them. In fact, the showers are rampant with this activity, despite the presence of guards and other personnel.

We have very strict security with cells and almost constant supervision, but sex finds a way. In the past month we have had 16 cases of gonorrhea. The disease was spread through anal intercourse with a 15-year-old boy. We can only guess as to how many cases are still undetected.

I believe the greatest suffering for the homosexual (especially the juvenile) comes from a lack of communication. Many do not understand themselves or know facts about homosexual life because they are isolated from the homosexual communities. The heterosexuals sit around and talk about their sexual problems and sex life in bull-sessions, but the isolated homosexual does not have the opportunity to learn from this

type of communication. Despite my age (39) I did not begin to understand myself until I read Cory's book. I say thank God for Donald Webster Cory and the information and understanding he has given to the world about the homosexual. I have on two occasions answered questions that homosexual boys (17 and 18 years) had by permitting them to read **The Homosexual in America**.

Mr. L.
Midwest

Dear Don:

I've decided finally to write you before I go absolutely crazy. Your Magazine has given me something that others have failed to give me, and that's a viewpoint from our side. So many are just a few facts, whereas your's isn't. I'm writing because I'm almost at my breaking point, and don't know where to turn or who to talk to. Anyone I might talk to just does not know what I'm talking about, or what type of feeling I have.

Mr. C.
Dearborn, Michigan

Gentlemen:

I am a free lance writer doing a research project on homosexuality in America for a forthcoming non-fiction book. The angle will be both the pros and cons of the new acceptability the homosexual is achieving through legal moves, both legislative and judicial; the church leaders who have taken a stand on the issue; the medical viewpoint; social acceptance as highlighted by the fact that the Walter

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Jenkins episode had no apparent effect on the election, etc.

My previous work in the field of sexual psychology and reference is a dictionary of terminology.

Mr. T.
Arlington, Virginia

Dear Sirs:

Please send all further issues to me in care of the prison farm. Also I would like to know what to do about my difficulties. I should have only been put on probation since I have never been in trouble before. I will keep a diary of life here, it should be interesting.

Mr. B.
West Virginia

Dear Sir:

I read with interest of the article "Homosexuality in America" in the **Life International** of July '64. I am a supporter of various organizations in this country which support the implementation of the Wolfenden proposals. I enclose International Reply Coupon for more details on your organization.

Mr. N.
Walsall, England

Gentlemen:

I was delighted to find in your Magazine the translation by Marcel Martin (Jan. '65 ONE) of the **Arcadie** editorial. This editorial expresses perfectly my own feelings.

Mr. W.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

At one time I was a subscriber to ONE Magazine, but have been purchasing copies from newsstands since the termination of my subscription. There are some copies I seem to have missed though, for while reading the **Homosexual Revolution** by R. E. L. Masters I came across his discussion of an article published in the March 61 issue, written by James R. Stuart, titled "Homosexual Procreation" which has captured my interest.

I should like for you to send me a copy of the above issue of ONE. Mr. Masters has quoted only sections of the article and I should like to read it in its entirety.

I should like also to add a personal comment to Mr. Masters' book, and to the works of ONE Inc. It is clear from the content and tone of the book, as from the content and tone of Mr. Masters' other books which

he authored and co-authored, that Mr. Masters is not a serious writer in the field of human sexology; rather, Mr. Masters reveals a hunger for notoriety and sensationalism. In his chapter on ONE Incorporated he states (in relation to the above mentioned article): "But what of the editors of ONE, who know very well that they have among their readers at least a fair number of mentally disturbed persons, receptive to such bizarre phantasies as Stuart's?"

In behalf of myself and with the assumed permission of the other readers of ONE Incorporated's publications I should like to pose the same question to Mr. Masters, especially in view of his publications such as "The Writer and the Black Beauty," a glorified piece of trash panting over the love of a man for the corpse of a woman he finds in the snow, takes home and cohabits with until the stench from the rotting cadaver becomes overwhelming; or the book he co-authored with Allen Edwardes, **The Cradle of Erotica**, which advocates the continued propagation of the slanderous myths of sexual superiority of certain racial and cultural groups because of the superior size of genital organs among these racial and cultural groups. It seems to me that the sowing of such illness as the glorification of sadism, necrophilia, genital mutilation, lust-murder and sexual racialism can have a devastating effect on the "... fair number of mentally disturbed persons, receptive to such bizarre phantasies as ..." Mr. Masters'.

Mr. S.
New York. N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Will you please in some way let the world know how homosexuals in Portland, Oregon are being persecuted by the closing of bars and book censorship.

Mr. A.
Portland Oregon

Dear Friends:

Your appeal for funds to help clear up a \$7,000 debt to the printer will have to go unheeded in this corner. I am very sorry that you find yourselves in debt to this extent, but I feel that you got yourselves there. Turning **ONE Confidential** into a nicely printed little magazine may have been a nice idea, but if it runs up the debt, we could all have gotten along with the old mimeo kind. Raising the subscription to \$15 also scared off many people. It seems to me that your timing was poor, since several new publications have entered the field.

Mr. G.
New York N. Y.

Hi:

I have just finished reading your January issue of ONE from cover to cover. It is 2 A.M. and the bars are closed tonight here in Seattle anyway. So I just spent a couple of leisure hours with magazine in hand. It's a very nice booklet; the best part is the realization that your elite staff is making a printed effort toward a cause.

I'm for the short stories, leave the debates topics to the college kids. I notice in this issue there's only one such fiction story, "Reflections at One A.M."

The little poems or proverbs, usually one in every issue, are like precious promises to me. They are so easily transferred from print into my own favorite train of thoughts.

I am of the belief that there is essentially no such creation as a homosexual absolute.

May I suggest that you shine this Rhinestone in print to a brilliant sparkle by dropping the articles which produce bickering about legalities, persecution of the races, and politics. Even Jesus, who would have been raided by the Los Angeles vice at the Last Supper, had a most impregnable phalanx in the form of story telling. Don't complain, instead write a sad story. When a gay guy gets on the long end of the stick in a legal matter, don't report it, write a story about it.

These suggestions are to be taken lightly, for I enjoy ONE a great deal. On the other hand, some small hint may be the basis for a literary chain reaction.

Mr. H.
Seattle, Washington

Dear Friends:

Being isolated here, you have done more for me than you can imagine. I wish I could help you more financially, but there is no money to be made here. If it were not for the climate, I probably would leave here tomorrow. Maybe some day I'll be able to come to L. A. and say hello to you.

Mr. H.
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Gentlemen:

You might want to warn your readers that a so-called new book on the market titled **Rough Trade** is actually a hardcover reprint of a paperback which came out in 1961 under the title **Gay Detective**. From paperback to hardcover is an odd switch . . . so is the boosting of the price. 35c it was worth; \$3.95 it ain't.

P. S. on second thought maybe you should warn your readers about all of the Sherbourne Press books, since they are all trash which give the public a false and

lowdown impression of homosexuals. Why should homosexuals pay to be called sick?

Ft. Worth, Texas
Mr. A.

Dear Don:

The December issue of ONE has possibly the most important contributions ever made to the American homosexual movement. "The Twins" article broadcasts loudly to the entire world that "here are true and solid homosexual people." These are not criminals, or child molesters, or anything other than deeply loving and dedicated citizens who contribute to the entire community, just the opposite of the people described by hate mongering police.

Mr. G.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Sir:

Would you please send me material on the homosexual movement, its history, effect on society, why people become homosexual, and other aspects. Would you also send me information on your organization, the ICSE, to which I have read you belong, and any other homosexual organizations that I may contact. I am doing a term paper on homosexuality and any information you could send would be helpful.

Mr. C.
Delavan, Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Slater:

I know absolutely nothing about homosexuality. There is precious little information on this subject at the local library, none at the college library. I would have written you sooner but thought you only published a Magazine. If laymen and victims cannot find information concerning this subject, how can they be expected to cope with it, understand it, or try to help themselves or homosexuals they happen to come in contact with.

So far I've managed to keep out of trouble, but I don't expect it to last. It bothers me just a little bit. I'm not worried about myself or the person I might accost, but people who respect me would suddenly turn that respect into hatred or pity and this would wreck me, I live for other people's respect

Mr. P.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sirs:

I realize that the cover of your September '64 Magazine coincided with the interesting article on Miss Destiny, but MUST you use such a photo on the cover? Isn't this the sort of thing that we want to discourage?

Mr. P.
New York, N. Y.



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